

UNITY

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Eight Thousand Copies of *Unity* are mailed each week. Recipients of sample copies are requested to read our premium list on the last page, and to send one dollar for *UNITY* one year and a valuable book.

Editorial.

THE Mohammedans of Bombay have petitioned the English authorities to prohibit a projected play entitled *Mahomet* in preparation for the stage of that city.

FOR the American Religious Leaders Series John Fiske will write the volume on Theodore Parker and President Patton of Princeton the one on Charles Hodge.

THE *Methodist Recorder*, of Pittsburgh, commenting on the movement in that church to revise its Articles of Religion, notes with surprise certain omissions of doctrines in the Articles of Faith drawn up by Wesley. And it suggests as an explanation:

"It may be that a formulated statement of beliefs did not in his eyes have the importance that it does in some. He may have trusted more to the moral power of the truth to perpetuate itself than he did to the formularies of belief."

A WRITER in the *Forum* thinks woman can be more only in proportion as she knows more. Her mental equality with man will be demonstrated as fast as the facts of actual knowledge in her possession will admit, and not by learned discussions about the amount of gray matter in the brain, or laboratory experiments which profess to solve the question with a pair of scales. The seeming superior genius of man, says this writer, Prof. Lester F. Ward, is only due to his wider range of knowledge, "the only material out of

which genius can construct and create." This kind of reasoning is at least to be commended for its practical sense and fairness. Certainly, it is very plain that the old idea of genius, as something made up in equal degrees of the abnormal and the miraculous, is rapidly giving way to more reasonable views.

IN the *Lend-a-Hand* for December there is a sober reminder that most of the Utopian dreams of relieving misery by a "return to the land" are written by people who dwell in cities and prefer to do so. The editor further suggests "that a 'Bellamy' written by a man who lives on a Dakota farm or a Montana ranch or in an Iowa grange would be a very valuable contribution to this increasing line of literature."

REV. W. H. PIERSON, in his excellent charge at the ordination of Mr. C. T. Billings at Hingham, said among other things: "You are to preach, I opine, in this pulpit, one gospel—a pure Christianity—unadulterated, as far as you can make it so, with the theories or the speculations of men. Such a gospel will be nothing less than truth, righteousness and love." But if it is *more* than these, what can it be?

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Inquirer* calls attention to how the translator of the Eckermann conversations with Goethe in 1850 found it necessary to obscure or suppress a passage, having too plain a theological import as follows:

"I believe in God and Nature, and in the triumph of good over ill; but this was not enough for pious souls, I was also required to believe other points."

The new translation of 1890 substitutes for the italicized phrase:

"I was required also to believe that three are one and that one is three. This however fought against my soul's feeling after truth; also I could not see how I could be in the least aided by it."

THE feeling of surprise that any good could come out of Nazareth is one which many good people, who desire also to be generous, have been forced to acknowledge in respect to Gen. Booth's proposed scheme of social rescue and reform laid down in his work, "In Darkest England." In the account here given of the work already being done by the "Slum Sisters" and other members of the Salvation Army, we have gratifying evidence of the other side of that remarkable organization which the peculiar and ridiculous methods it adopts in the work of religious propaganda lead us little to expect. Gen. Booth has at least succeeded in arresting public attention, and it is also a surprise that a plan so large and comprehensive should at the same time appear so practicable.

THE mental equality of the sexes is a point that we have never considered fully proved, and one that can perhaps never be absolutely established. The differing mental characteristics of men and women will, for a long time, argue, in the opinion of the majority, the superiority of one above the other. The subject is one that, in itself, interests us little, and on which a great deal of nonsense has been uttered on both sides. It has not, in our opinion, anything to do with the question of woman's social and political rights. It is refreshing to hear so healthful a

sentiment as that lately uttered by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) to Miss Emily Faithful. After expressing her indifference as to whether men's or women's brains were of greatest weight, she adds, "It is sufficient for me that women are the mothers of the race; that fact alone proves that woman is equivalent to man and capable of rendering equal service to humanity."

A GREAT deal of weak-minded sentiment is attached to the thought of religion and to religious service by many of its disciples, both ministerial and lay. The religion that serves as the escape valve of a higher sort of emotional excess is familiar to all. The *Indian Messenger* speaks intelligently on this subject, calling attention to a tendency to "substitute poetry for religion," to mistake "outbursts of feeling" for true love. It adds that the will may or may not be stirred to greater energy by the devotional exercises in which the heart and imagination take such delight. Many professed religionists, liberal or orthodox, are but "spiritual epicures," indulging certain emotions and sensibilities as other men, on a lower scale, indulge appetites. The vice and debilitating effects of the self-indulgence are apparent in both cases.

A NEW and interesting point of view is revealed in an article by Miss M. F. Cusack (the Nun of Kenmare) in the *Independent*, on Parnell and Ireland. She calls attention to the long-continued strife between the national school party and that of ecclesiastical education, and tells the story of Parnell's refusal to submit to the dictates of Cardinal McCabe, whom she describes as having no love for his country, being "Roman by education, by prejudice and by inclination." The educational question is one that is continually coming up in parliament in some form, and one on which the Home Rule party is divided. Miss Cusack relates how during one of these controversial periods Mr. Parnell received a letter of instructions from his ecclesiastical superior, which, in a rage over such interference, he threw to the ground with a word of denunciation for "these papist rats." The story is characteristic, whether authentic or not, and the charges in certain quarters against Mr. Parnell as a freethinker and infidel doubtless serve their part in the present sad embroilment, though we incline to think them an incidental rather than a leading feature in the case.

THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal* prints a discourse by Rev. J. H. Crooker on Modern Spiritualism, which is both candid and intelligent. Like Prof. Huxley, Mr. Crooker is compelled to admit that his personal interest in the phenomena of spiritualism has always been slight, and he does not therefore profess any final opinion as to the authenticity of its revelations. But he adds that the literature of spiritualism has interested him from boyhood, and that its general philosophy has always commanded his respect. He praises spiritualists for the courage and breadth of many of their principles, but condemns them, and we think not unfairly, for their prevalent indifference as a class to the work of public philanthropy and reform, and their unwillingness to

enter into practical organization either among themselves or with others. There is among them an "enervating optimism" and a self-complacency much to be deplored. The work of organization is difficult among all classes of liberals, the Unitarians with the rest, but we suspect the difficulties are increased in Spiritualistic ranks by the too great prominence given to the future life,—which Spiritualists claim to have scientific proof of—above the needs and duties of the present. A hoped-for but unproved immortality seems a surer incentive to noble and resolute activity in this world than its absolute demonstration has shown itself to be with many followers of the Fox sisters and Robert Dale Owen.

IN what is called "the Lambeth Judgment," in which the Archbishop of Canterbury considers the ritualistic charges brought against the Bishop of Lincoln, we see ecclesiasticism reaching its last limit. There is a very minute and learned discussion of the points in controversy,—as to the mixing of water with the wine, reverently consuming what remains, standing on the west side of the holy table, using lighted candles at the communion service, making the sign of the cross, etc. Mostly the charges are dismissed as not illegal, even where the acts are nonsensical. Or it may be summed up, as the *Times* has done it, by saying, "The Ritualists are given the shells they have been fighting for, and the Evangelicals are consoled by the gravest assurances that there were no kernels inside them."

The Permanent Fund.

THE last number of *UNITY* went to press while the editorial mind was still in uncertainty about the final triumph of the \$25,000. So in our "Greeting" we spoke modestly of it as being "practically realized," but editor of the "Notes from the Field" was not content with such uncertainties and so he came in with the figures in black and white. To Hon. John A. Roche, of Chicago, belongs the credit of ushering in the latest triumph of the Western Conference with the New Year. "I'll give the balance," said he, and by his subscription of \$164.80 he gave to the Conference a New Year's gift of \$25,000; a most auspicious beginning. A circular letter will soon be issued to the subscribers and duly printed in these columns. Past experience gives us abundant assurance that existing subscriptions are worth a hundred cents on the dollar. Our next concern is to come in on the home stretch in good shape. The half-mile post is turned. Doubting or hesitating friends should now be reassured. Sums both large and small, should now be forthcoming. Those who hold in trust an "unearned increment" in their wealth will remember us in life and in death. If while life is given, any friend thinks he can best administer his own wealth, let him so provide that after his death a certain proportion of the means he has accumulated by virtue of his integrity goes to the support of those principles that contributed to his integrity. We believe some thousand dollars, a little more or less, remains to be subscribed before the full ten thousand of the Theodore Parker memorial fund

is completed. This should be our first privilege. An earnest friend in the east suggests that after that, immediate steps should be taken to raise a \$25,000 Emerson Memorial Fund, and offers to start the subscription himself with a generous sum. That would be a high name to live up to. Dares even the Western Conference assume to make Ralph Waldo Emerson, the noblest seer of the nineteenth century, one of its prophets and patron saints? There is something inspiring, at the same time humbling in the thought.

The Semi-Centennial at Quincy.

THE two days of Sunday and Monday, December 28 and 29, were days never to be forgotten in Quincy, Ill. On those days the Unitarian church there celebrated its fifty years of age, its golden wedding to its simple faith. Not many churches in the West can boast such an age. Only two or three. I think only the First Church of St. Louis, the First in Chicago, and the heroic little church in Geneva, Ill., can boast such an antiquity. All hail and greeting to them all!

The weather smiled beautifully on the celebration at Quincy. The air was soft and the sun bright. Sunday morning was welcomed by all, as the church was filled by a happy congregation. It was a pleasant feature of the reunion that the three ministers of the society who had remained with it over five years, viz., Messrs. Hunting, Hosmer and Blake, were all together in the pulpit and shared the service between them. Mr. Hosmer preached the sermon, and beautiful and long to be remembered it was. His text was from Job, viz. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." From this the preacher drew very earnestly and beautifully the lesson and needs of a first-hand faith, witnessed by the soul unto itself and not accepted merely by the ear from another mouth, however holy. Mr. Hosmer purposely left all historical matter to its appointed place on the programme, and chose a sermon designed wholly to lift the spirit to a religious mount of vision. This was a fitting choice, a wise judgment. All were stirred and benefited, and a high tone thus was given to all the meetings which followed. After the sermon was sung a hymn, written by Mr. Hosmer for the occasion. We give it entire for the sake of its pure and simple beauty:

O Light, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word,—
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng!
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song.

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.

O not in vain their toil who wrought
To build a faith's freer shrine,—
Nor theirs whose love and hope and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide:
While systems rise and fall
Faith, hope and charity abide,
The Heart and Soul of all.

In the afternoon at three o'clock was held a Sunday-school meeting. Again the church was well filled. The children were present in happy numbers. A service of thanksgiving was read and sung. Then followed addresses, from all the previous ministers of the church there present, before mentioned, and from Mr. Effinger and Mr. Duncan. The meeting was interspersed with the good songs

which have become deservedly dear to this Sunday-school. This was a happy meeting to all. Always it is a good sign for any church when a Sunday-school is largely attended.

At half-past seven in the evening, followed a platform meeting. Again, the church was full, and although the meeting lasted for two full hours, at the close of a day already full, all stayed till the end, and even lingered till long afterward, as if unwilling to depart, and none said they were tired, except healthfully. It was the pleasant duty of the writer to preside at this meeting, and perhaps the dear old pulpit never seemed dearer to me. Admirable addresses were made by Mr. Effinger, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Hunting, the latter, ending the meeting with great enthusiasm and good cheer. All the addresses had the double quality of being both stirring and tender. The choir of the church was present all day long, and discoursed most eloquent music, both fit for the worship, and beautiful to the ear. Happy is it, when a choir can make the ear an avenue to the soul, and a path to worship; aught else in a church is profane.

On Monday evening, from six to nine o'clock, was held the memorial banquet. At this the people displayed their warm hospitality in a very pleasant and pretty fashion. The many long tables were beautifully and tastefully spread, and candles added their peculiar grace and poetry. The very tasteful and social supper was followed by sundry short addresses, mainly by the old members of the church, present at its foundation fifty years ago. Beautiful and touching, and welcome it was indeed to see these venerable men, Mr. Benneson, Mr. Wells, Mr. Powers and Gen. Morgan, rise and speak, with a pleasant benediction in their faces; and happy it was to listen to their good words spoken so unaffectedly, and straight to the point. Very dear memories and associations were touched, and names belonging now not only to earth but to heaven, were spoken reverently, and affectionately, over and over. The banquet concluded with the following hymn, which also I will print entire, not for love of the hymn, as in the case of Mr. Hosmer's, but for love of the parish to which it was offered:

Serenely ends its fiftieth year
Our church of simple faith and free;
Of them who formed it, some are here,
Some vanished in life's mystery.

And fifty years ten thousand fold
The pavement of the stars shall ride;
Where shall be then the young and old,
Who here assemble side by side?

We may not see, we may not tell,
We may not name the holy place;
Yet all shall be—we know it well—
Safe in the One Eternal Grace.

Dear church, for thee our thanks we give;
We bless thy hallowed faith serene,
And our One Lord, in whom we live—
The souls that are, shall be, have been.

We bless thy prayers, each hymn, each thought,
That have sustained or judged our life;
We bless thy healing influence, fraught
With love and peace above all strife.

Blest be thy future as thy past,
Dear church of simple faith and free!
In all thy truth divine stand fast,
In all thy human charity!

At nine o'clock we left the banquet room and went again into the church, where for an hour we listened with spellbound attention to Dr. Robbins' long and manly history of the church from its foundation. The speaker was obliged to be very brief, and it was plain that he passed over many things hastily, which fain he would have dwelt on affectionately. Yet his record was not a bare series of statistics, but instinct with life and feeling throughout, and extremely interesting. Dr. Robbins concluded his address with some earnest and thoughtful remarks, the beauty and tenderness of which moved us all deeply.

Then followed the hymn, "City of God how broad and far, outspread thy walls sublime;" after which Mr. Bradley, the present beloved minister of the church, went into the pulpit, and after a few tender and joyful words, gave a benediction which indeed was a blessing, and came warm from the soul.

Dear church at Quincy, and you, dear readers of UNITY, consider whether it be possible to overstate or even to imagine duly the vast spreading and far-reaching good that has been done by the simple standing of this church, for fifty years, true to our simple faith and our wide, humane fellowship. Who can tell what the words have done that have been spoken in that pulpit, during this half century? Who can say whither they have flown, in what soil taken root, or what fruit they have borne? Who can follow the prayers and hymns, the lofty thoughts and resolutions, the joy, faith and comfort which the walls of that church have witnessed? Who can follow these, like birds of passage, to see where again they make nests in which to rear other broods of song and praise? No one can compute the power for good, or the immense benefit to the community, ay, and to the world, of a church standing truthfully and earnestly, during fifty years, for a pure and simple religion and an honest life as the witness of it. Blessings on this church now venerable in this new West, yet young with the eternal youth of the thoughts, the faith, the hope, the love divine and human, which have nourished it hitherto!

J. V. B.

A Reply.

If Mr. Gould had said in the first place that he did not know of "any authoritative expression from ethical leaders maintaining the reality and reasonableness of what is commonly called religion," I should not have been moved to say anything by way of correction; for there are no "authoritative expressions from ethical leaders," save on ethical subjects proper. But his language was, "Ethical Culture societies regard religion as a delusion and a snare," which is a very different statement. Even if there are individual members of such societies who regard religion in this way,—I am sure no lecturers do and I doubt if many members do,—to infer that the societies take this stand, is unwarrantable; and in view of the fact that our published lectures and books speak of "Ethical Culture as a Religion for the People" (Coit), of the "need of a new moral movement in Religion," of "a Religion based on Ethics" (Adler) and of "Ethical Religion,"* it appears to me, still, though I am sorry if the word seems harsh, that Mr. Gould made a "careless" statement. The "logical basis" of our movement is not "a doubt of the value of religion," as Mr. Gould supposes, but a doubt of the value of a theological creed as a bond of fellowship, a basis of union. Each member of an Ethical Society is free to have his own theological or philosophical creed, but he must also be willing to tolerate another in holding a different creed; his love for his brethren in the society must be based on something other than intellectual agreement, namely, on a common moral aim.

As to the differences between the Ethical movement and Unitarianism, I think I can not do better than quote what I said in a lecture before the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, shortly after the adoption by the Western Unitarian Conference at Cincinnati of the new statement of its aim (a lecture printed in pamphlet form

under the title, "Progressive Orthodoxy and Progressive Unitarianism.") After saying, "I recognize with gladness the bold step that Western Unitarians have taken; it makes them the very vanguard of progress in the historic churches of our country." I continued as follows:

"Shall I have to say after this why even this progressive new Unitarianism does not satisfy us? Why we feel it our duty to stay where we are rather than to enter the fellowship whose doors have been opened so wide to us? The lingering weakness of our Western Unitarians is that they call themselves Unitarians at all. Unitarianism has a place and meaning in history. Its die was cast when the national organization determined that it should stand for the confession of Jesus as Lord and Master. Individuals might think differently, single churches might; Unitarianism thereby pronounced and fixed itself. It became [definitely] a Christian denomination. If there are individuals or churches, or a body of churches that do not wish any longer to stand for Christianity in the world, the brave way, and I believe the only true way, is to give up the Unitarian name and connection. The clinging to it indicates weakness, and is indeed in a manner compromising. It looks as if there were willingness to have the advantages of connection with a denomination whose avowed purpose and historical significance they disown. No one knows how hard it is to make a new start and stand simply for one's convictions without outside help and sympathy of any sort, till he has tried it. The Western Unitarians do not seem to be ready for that. They do not apparently wish to sever connection with a denomination of eminent respectability, the grounds of whose respectability lie in something that they disavow. The policy recently adopted is really the inauguration of a new epoch in the religious development of man—at least the prophecy of it. One cannot look forward and backward at the same time; if one tries to, one does not look very earnestly, very clearly, very far in either direction. We ourselves are out in the wilderness now; we have set our faces on a new day, and all our hopes are in building a new city for mankind; and we say to those who think with us, come along. Bear the isolation, bear the burden and the toil; let the comforts and the advantages of the old order of things go; all these sacrifices are the travail by which something better is to be born. And it does not satisfy us when others say, Yes, we have the same purposes as you, but we love our friends, our ancestry; we can not bear to break with them. If you have broken with them in thought, I ask, why not also in fact?"

With Unitarianism, taking its stand as a Christian denomination, we do of course widely differ; Christian and Jew, Christian and unbelievers we regard as antiquated lines of division and wish to transcend them very much as the great apostle wished to transcend the lines between Jew and Greek, bond and free. But with Western Unitarians we differ only, or at least chiefly, in name and sentiment, as it appears to me; and I expressed the hope at our Philadelphia convention that ultimately they and we should become 'one body, one fellowship.'"

WM. M. SALTER.

Dec. 30, 1890.

Men and Things.

BISHOP WALKER'S church on car wheels has a parallel in a sailing church on the Mississippi. Rev. M. A. Shepard, Free Baptist minister of Lebanon, Ill., has built a floating church which has been in use for some time, a substantial flat-boat two stories high, the lower floor used for religious meetings and the upper floor for himself and family. He is now going down the Mississippi preaching to the boatmen, and in the spring he will have the boat towed to the upper Mississippi and go down again.

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, is a man of great will power. After having for years smoked to excess he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor I'll never smoke again," and he kept his word. Those who believe in the "tapering-off" system should reflect on this truly royal example.

DR. R. S. STORRS lately concluded the forty-fourth year of his ministry with the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, having settled with the society at the time of its organization.

BALLINGTON BOOTH, the second son of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army and in command of the work in this country, is deliberating the erection of a building in New York as a memorial to his mother.

* Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton recognizes the same in saying, "I count it the highest honor of Dr. Belows that, above any other one man, it is due to him that this eager body of truth-seekers, in the crucial hour of the denomination's history, were held loyal to the Christian name in the lines of historic religion." (*Christian Register*, 23 March, 1882.)

* See particularly the closing chapter in the book bearing this title on "The True Basis of Religious Union."

Contributed and Selected.

Be Wise To-day.

A youth looked into his soul and said :
"Next week I'll begin to be wise."
Twenty years after they found him dead,
With a fool's-cap over his eyes.

Next week is always a little ahead,
You can not catch up with her feet;
And she and Wisdom, I've heard it said,
Are not good friends when they meet.
MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

"The Science of Thought."

Cicero long ago declared: "All arts which concern mankind have certain common bonds, as if they were held together by a certain recognition of each other." More than in Cicero's time we feel that now. I have often thought we should have philosophy better generalized, as, for instance, Darwin has generalized broadly the natural sciences—something more than mere text-books upon detached branches. In a word, philosophy should be less dryly abstract, more of a completed structure, with its materials less scattered. The principles of logic, mental and moral philosophy, aesthetics—and, to a certain extent, rhetoric and grammar—for popular purposes, might all be summarized in a single volume. Professor Everett in a revised edition of his handy volume, "The Science of Thought,"* has very nearly accomplished that result. There is no more comprehensive treatise of the different branches enumerated above than this. One can read the book, too, with pleasure—it is no labored treatise abounding in occult statements and technical terms; every sentence is clear as daylight, and stands on pure, simple English legs. The arguments are illustrated from every conceivable literary and scientific source, are always *apropos* and nearly always interesting, so that one skims over the pages with no sense of weariness. As a treatise on logic, it is luminous.

In reading the book, however, one is reminded of the days of Agassiz, when scientific thought had become so objective, so bent in the direction of the "deep things of earth," that Christian scientists trembled in their boots, fearing that the materialists might annihilate God. The first edition of this work was put out in 1869. We should naturally expect that even a Harvard professor writing then would handle tenderly and with softest kid gloves, many questions which now no longer need demonstration or disturb many people. Our professor's illustrative statements of evolution, special creations, miracles, Gibbon's famous chapters on early Christianity, etc., appear to one now as unnecessarily guarded. The tone is that of the learned world of twenty years ago. But written by a D. D. in 1869 the book is remarkably broad. It is to be regretted that the author in this revised edition could not have brought up some parts of the work to the highest level of the present scientific and critical world. But as Scott remarks in the preface to his revision of Waverly, an author can not radically change the text of a work which has once gone forth and become at all popular. At best a revision can extend only to unimportant details. For a book like the "Science of Thought," an author can expect only a reasonable lease of life. Kant and Hume were succeeded by such men as Spencer, Mill and Huxley. Our author has generalized results quite admirably, but he must anticipate that further excursions in the philosophic field will change his logical horizon somewhat. Kant and Hume had a better conception of the efficient causes bringing about changes and results in the natural world than Aristotle had, but they were led astray by

inductive reasoning without sufficient scientific data, or rather, perhaps, because of wrong scientific data. Philosophy went to the extreme of materialism. But the striking analogies furnished by subsequent evolutionary theories, soon began to shift again the philosophic needle. Descartes furnished what the early philosophers had long sought, a secure basis for deductive reasoning, when he uttered his memorable "*Cogito: ergo sum.*" But when Cuvier and Linnaeus had looked a little deeper into nature, there soon followed a resolution of the scientific conception of the workings of the final cause in nature, and deductive reasoning received a blow squarely in the teeth. David Hume soon landed philosophy on a barren Ararat of materialism. Inductive reasoning now run riot, and a final cause was pretty nearly turned out of philosophy for awhile, so intently was science busied with eyes turned outward. What wonder! The final cause had been exalted from the time of Aristotle, efficient causes had been lost sight of. All creation was a miracle, the final cause has a Jupiter here, a Jahveh there; a toad was a special creation pointing to nothing but a toad, a serpent was the hideous crawling thing it is, because evil was in it, a curse upon it. This narrow conception of the final cause—so necessary to deductive reasoning—brought about such reactionary schools of philosophy as were established by Locke, Bacon and Condillac, who reason that knowledge and conscience are only what we gain by impressions through the senses. Their logic, only partial truth as it was, at first appeared irresistible. With the comprehension of evolution we have a new comprehension of the final cause, and a reaction has come setting in strongly again towards the spiritual. We get a clearer conception of universals and see final causes in everything. Nature leads up to a grand universal—the final cause is very well intrenched again in the philosophic and scientific worlds. I take it that evolution has saved us from the "Death is an endless sleep" philosophy, by furnishing us with such clear, convincing analogies, such indubitable pointings toward final causes, that we have been led back to clear deductive reasonings.

Through somewhat of the turbulent sea of deduction and inductive reasonings, our author steers his syllogistic bark, putting into a pretty safe port. A disciple of Hegel, he simplifies logic. He reasons convincingly, thinks picturesquely, generalizes broadly. Even the syllogistic chestnut proving that John is mortal, because he is man, and all men are mortal, is invested with considerable interest, though, to be sure, a treatise on John's love for Jane, with the usual doctrine of "chances" cunningly kept in the uncertain background, would make a more popular book these days. Alas, the syllogism can not be much popularized, however it may be dressed.

A. U. HANCOCK.

"Two Modern Women."

Those who like a sympathetic picture of the life of to-day, will welcome Mrs. Wells' latest book of the above title. It is the sincere work of one who, having many opportunities of studying the present unprecedented development of women, has laid hold of some of the deeper phases of their lives, and presented them to the reader with a loving hand. Yet with this earnest purpose at the base, the story is dramatically told, and will be read quite as much for the incidents and the plot as for the motive. Mrs. Wells has not the fault of many writers who have an ethical end in view. She never prosers. Her best and profoundest teachings are presented with a zest and originality that prevent any possible dullness of her

pages. And while she is showing up false positions in political economy, or hinting as to lines of duty in severest struggles with selhood, she at the same time is carrying the reader through exciting episodes in a well-conceived drama.

Of the three most prominent women of this novel, the reader will now and then ask himself, Which are the "two modern women"? Are they Margaret and Ruth? Are they Ruth and Freia? Each one seems a product of the life of to-day. Though it may be that the beautiful, yellow-haired Freia, with her intense love of mother and home, and desire to do any unambitious, honest work to help maintain home and parents, is, although circumstances have forced her to be a platform speaker, essentially a woman of the past generation. Let the life-work that Freia takes up, in connection with another character of the story—we are not going to tell what it is, lest it mar some reader's pleasure in the book—is hardly that of a woman of the past. Everyone will be sure of Ruth as belonging to the title role, but it is probable that Margaret and Freia will divide honors.

Besides the strength of the characters and their strong individuality, and the charm of the telling, the fact that the story is localized, gives a further pleasure. Mr. Howells also took us to Campobello in "April Hopes"; but while he gave only a few charming sketches, this writer has given us the most vivid and minute descriptions of the scenery and life on the island, and of the sea changes, also, of this picturesque spot. Next to her love of her characters—for that we all detect—is her love for nature in this retired and restful spot. The walks of Margaret or of Ruth are probably her own wanderings.

We enjoy outlooks like this exceedingly:

"At her left was South Bay, the happiest and most secretive of all the bays along the Maine coast; it played hide and seek amid its islands, large and small; it ran up into balsam-fir cones; it spread itself out into lagoons of shallow depth; it narrowed itself into clear rivers; the trees interwove their branches from island to island, and sent their sighing from lone top-most boughs to distant comrades."

Or this:

"The distance of pasture and wood frightened her. The men talked of smuggling and of seizures of fishing; schooners instead of strikes and combinations. The women had no indignant protest against motherhood and wifehood, but raked hay, carried water and dug potatoes with the same equanimity with which they fried fish or tended their babies."

While, as has been suggested, the book is provocative of thought, women, or, at least a good share of them, will do more than think over Ruth's love affair; they will be almost ready to question the girl's love in view of its settlement. But there is the consolation of remembering that Ned Brooks parts from us a much manlier fellow than when we first made his acquaintance.

One of the best scenes ever depicted of a brave young heart face to face with a wild death, is given the chapter of Ruth lost in her little boat, the fogs gathering thickly around her.

M.

"EVERY man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion."—*Longfellow.*

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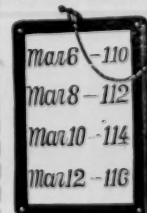
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Church Door Pulpit.

"Some Great Thing."

A SERMON PREACHED BY JOHN C. LEARNED AT THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Published by a member of the congregation.)

"If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?"—2 Kings 5:13.

"Precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little."—Isa. 28:13.

The ambition to excel is honorable. But what and where is true excellence, and how is it reached? We may be sure of this: it is no merely outward thing, and it is not reached by a bound. The great man is not great by any transient impulse, or accident. Nor does he become great by feigning greatness, any more than he becomes good by imitating holiness. Last and least of all is it the sign of greatness to disparage little things and lowly beginnings.

What do we see men everywhere doing? Devising all sorts of expedients to escape the law of development, to reduce the intermediate steps. They imagine there is some royal road to fortune, to fame, to happiness or worth,—some short way, some magical method by which they shall be able to cheat the natural order of things, in a day reach forward into the results of years, and seize, before its time, the crown of life. Girls would be queens and leaders in society; boys want to be men to-morrow and nobles at that. A man thinks he ought to be influential in a year; or in a very short time he must go to Congress, amass wealth, or be celebrated in his profession. So in the moral life. He can not endure these twinges of conscience. He wants to know of some saving grace whereby he may be over all moral struggles in a week.

But an infinite number of little things and many toilsome hours stand between us and our perfection, or the fulfillment of our hope. We can not pass by, we must accost every sentinel that stands along the road to heavenly gates, or before we enter in we shall be forced to return to repair our neglect. It is in life as at school; if we gain promotion before it is fairly earned, if we advance to higher grades still ignorant of fundamental principles, not thorough in the primary lessons, over and over again must we be sent back to our counting-frames, to our spelling-books and tables. We, ourselves, are the foundation upon which we build; we ourselves are the base of action and supply. If we are wanting in solid qualities, are only sound and pretense, our purpose is vain, our edifice crumbles.

I do not overlook the fact that there may be a false estimate of little things; as where a single little thing taken by itself is said to determine life or conduct. Some never tire of showing how the most trivial words, acts or occurrences have decided the fate of men and empires,—as though the most stupendous results were wholly dependent upon trifling or accidental causes. But this false perspective leads to superstition. Every result is exactly commensurate with its cause. It is a dangerous error to attribute to one little thing what was due to many little things. This is at the bottom of our irrational theologies. It is only as little things are related and combined and serve to make up the great whole that they demand our attention. We say that in the acorn-germ the oak lies enfolded. But the germ left to itself comes to no tree. There must be the co-operation of a thousand favoring circumstances and forces. There must be soil and sunshine, heat and cold, rain, wind and dew. Should you stand at the source of the Mississippi, or watch the little stream flowing north from Lake Itasca, would you tell me that this was the

cause of the noble river upon which our commerce float? Had there been no such beginning, or had the waters of the little lake found their way to the Red River of the North, none the less would the Mississippi bear its burdens to the Gulf. The fountain can not become the river unless a thousand other fountains bring to it their waters, each as necessary as the first.

Yet since little things compose the great, they must everywhere be heeded. And he who does little things well, and the right little things, is prepared to do great things. Nor will he who is well-prepared lack opportunity, his services will be demanded. The world is forever and in every place seeking for the capable man, for the thorough man, for the trustworthy man, for the man who does not fail to do well that which he undertakes.

There are plenty of persons, I suppose, who at some time or other, under impulses of enthusiasm or in paroxysms of remorse, resolve to live the life of personal purity and moral worth. But unless they persistently scrutinize the secret beginnings of conduct, and analyze their very thought, unless there are seasons of self-examination, when the deep and hidden motives of the mind are questioned and judged, that resolve, however solemnly made, will fail of its effect. The heart must be put in daily training to take hold upon the safe and steady supports of character. No brilliant exhibition of piety or goodness got up by appointment will serve the purpose. No annual fast, to which all men are loudly invited; no costly sacrifice, no public humiliation, no ritual observance, no seventh day fidelity, no grand act of occasional worship, however devout and serious, can put a man right with God or purchase perfection. Unfortunately some of the best acting in the world is ordered and carried on under these show-pieces of religion. On the saint's day we may see wonderfully exact imitations of what the saints did and said and were. If only acting and imitating saints and saying saints' words could make saints, we might well approve the custom. But alas, this playing saint in religion, this putting on piety, the open pretense of making sacrifice or using the symbols and language of sacrifice, when no sacrifices are really made, avails nothing. How little do these nerve men in daily dealings to the martyr's bravery and trust! How feebly illustrate the prophet's sense of duty and of God! How rarely do they inspire men with any readiness to share that experience which made men saints, or to walk with those who with divine patience and joyful courage gave up all for their faith, trod the heights of glory with scourged bodies and bleeding feet, bearing many a scar, and pain and reproach, earned in the cause of justice and of truth.

Men are made saints and martyrs and prophets, or fitted to become such, by diligent inward communion and aspiration; by quiet, thoughtful longing and obedience to the call of the hour. Patient striving and waiting and praying bring us at length the gifts of the Spirit and we share the life of God. Religion is personal, the sense of a constant presence—not a pageant upon which we look or in which we move. Conviction is personal—something in a man's soul which can not be delegated to assemblies. And the true religious faith measures a man's worth, makes his acts luminous, and is the calmest, sweetest, most considerate and ennobling thing seen or known in the earth.

Naturally, many of us thinking of religion, think of Jesus. His story is familiar to us. Many aspects of religious faith and experience were fulfilled in him. Here is a man who was himself an original soul, and no mere play

actor in our human life. Frank and inflexible in purpose, yet not boasting or boisterous. Speaking with few words, but saying much. Doing what he did naturally and not calling attention to his most significant acts; yet particular about small matters wherein might lie the beginnings of good or evil.

Jesus taught his disciples not to forget the common salutations which men owe to each other, that the least right commandment was in no wise to be broken; that there could be no perfect sacrifice laid upon the altar of worship by one who brought with his gift a heart unreconciled to his brother. Was murder, was adultery forbidden by an older dispensation? With Jesus the first feeling of anger, the unlawful desire, were held as the source of danger, not to be overlooked or suffered. Men were not to speak lightly, or do alms openly, or pray with many words. They were not to fast with long faces, or seek the uppermost seats, or forget to bless those who might not be able to bless in return. He praises those in whom men saw nothing good. He sets the little child before his disciples as an illustration of teachableness and innocence. He extols the despised Samaritan above the priest and Levite who passed by the suffering man on the road to Jericho. He places the widow's mite, so costly to her, against all the easy offerings of the rich cast into the Jerusalem treasury. He celebrates in parables the prodigal son ruined by temptation, the offensive leaven so necessary to wholesome bread, the insignificant grain of mustard seed, which becomes a spreading tree. The falling sparrow, even, has a value in the heavenly Father's sight; and he commends the "cup of cold water only" to the brotherhood of man.

Religion, when true and real, endows character with self-possession and thoughtfulness, and is expressed in unaffected simplicity of speech and manner. As he who thinks of others first, is last to be forgotten: so he who commands himself is most readily obeyed, and he who wears no airs checks vanity and pride in others. In Jesus' life, which has been called a daily martyrdom and sacrifice and peril, from the manger of Bethlehem to the cross of Calvary, what an unruffled serenity and self-possession do we see! And how little appeal there is to the violent emotions of men. He would, first of all, have men possess their souls in patience. He would have men think, and thus rise to larger views of life and duty. In the legend of his childhood when his parents came back seeking their lost son to find him in the temple, he said, "Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?" To John the Baptist, who at first declined to baptize him, he said, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." To the first called at the Sea of Galilee, "Come and I will make you fishers of men." Absorbed in reflection when his disciples urge him to eat, he replied, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Of Nathaniel, who doubted if Nazareth could send forth any good thing, he remarked, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." To Zaccheus who had climbed up that he might see him as he passed by, he called, "Come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." To Martha his words were, "Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; only one thing is needful." When the Jews complained of him for doing good works on the Sabbath as on other days, he answered, "My Father is working up to this time, and I work." To the mother of John and James he said, "To sit on my right hand and on my left is not mine to give." To the young man who would have given him undue honor, he said,

"Call not me good! one only is good, that is God." To the Samaritan woman wondering if he were not the Messiah, he taught the folly of national prejudice and the spirituality of God. To Peter who denied him he asks, "Son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" To Judas who betrayed him, he said, "What thou doest, do quickly." Of the armed officers who came to take him, he inquired, "Whom seek ye?" And when they told him, he said without evasion, "I am he: but let these men go." From the cross looking down upon his unprotected mother, he spake of John, saying, "Woman, behold thy son."

Students of his life have found it an interesting exercise, and an impressive lesson, to bring together his simple words. There seems to have been little of eloquent oratory to move multitudes: only the quiet demeanor of a confident, earnest soul. "I am the bread of life: come unto Me and ye shall find rest, for I lead you to the Father whose will I work." "Forgive men; beware of hypocrisy: be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Do men crave something less dispassionate, something more bold and exciting in religion than these utterances? If it is in the church, it finds no warrant from Jesus. Turbulent, noisy streams are apt to be shallow and variable, while still waters run deep and strong. These hours of feeling and zeal which are flushed by artificial means almost to the point of convulsion, weaken religion, and are an offense to reason.

Our least acts springing from our habitual life may signify much more, then, than some great tide of prepared emotion. On this account we take notice of beginnings, which, however inconspicuous, have a solemn import when they date the origin of habits which follow after. The first wicked word, the first falsehood, the first dissipation, the first disgrace—though not enough in themselves to destroy character or ruin a man's prospects, at least are ominous. We can not foretell the result. He who has shown an inherent weakness of will under temptation, who has betrayed an affinity for evil, a readiness to take the first step on a sinful path, has disclosed a want of rectitude, a weakness of principle, the end whereof no man knoweth. Has he taken one step in deliberate violation of duty, he may take the second, and the third will be easy; while over the fourth he may not hesitate, and to the fifth he will hasten with alacrity. Finally a strange momentum bears us on in vice or crime. Therefore it is that we can not afford to overlook the smallest departures from integrity.

The atom is inconceivably small. So far as our dull experience goes, millions of them might be spared and never missed. Yet atom upon atom builds up the universe. A second of time is a little thing in the lapse of ages, yet it is an essential part of your life and of mine. The minutest part is necessary to every perfect whole. When the multitude was fed, Jesus said to the disciples, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," thus uttering his protest against waste. As rational beings there is spread before us a great feast of multiplied opportunities. Into the noblest life-work enters an infinite number of little duties which well-performed constitute its chief grandeur. Our obligations which are commensurate with our opportunities can in no way be reduced or put by. The details of life, though dull and dreary, slow and harassing, no man can escape. Between the setting out and the end are numberless steps. And that man is worthy and wise and great who sees the divine significance of this order and discipline, who takes his tasks in their time, who is faithful in the least

matters, hopeful in the hardest, enduring unto the end; knowing that the supreme result is won by the diligence and patience and trust of time.

The harvest comes long after the sowing. There is something unnatural and wrong if you can plant a handful of seed to-day and gather a golden perfection to-morrow. You either reap what you did not sow, or your crop is counterfeit and worthless. Only gourds and mushrooms grow up in a night. The sound grain, the lasting fruit, is matured only by the continuous influences and changes of the varied year. Have you a high and sacred ambition? Cherish it as the child of your heart. As Goethe said, Be true to the dreams of your aspiring youth. But know this, that in every career for which the world is grateful, there are dark passages, fearful wildernesses of temptation, solitudes of weariness and doubt. There are coldnesses, desertions, denials, insults, and betrayals. If there is fortunately a Bethany-home for retreat, or possibly a mount of transfiguration, of beatitude and vision and high companionship; not less surely are there nights of exposure and watching, demons, mobs, Gethsemanes and Calvaries. The rounded character, the full, handsome life is the gradual result of devoted years. Out of the homeliest fidelity at length dawns upon human sight the rarest nobility. We run our fingers over the transient demand of the hour to strike the chord that wakens eternal harmonies."

Before we ask for "some great thing" to do, to let the world know how good and capable we are, let us practice well the least things required of us, proving that we are in earnest and that we can be faithful. In the kingdom Jesus preached, a man had to humble himself before he could be exalted. Are you unheeded in the great tumult of this busy world? Give yourself no worry. Your time is not yet come. And it never will come if you keep looking up from your work, or going out of the path of duty to hear your name announced. The truly great man is apt to be surprised when the world calls out his name. He did not expect it; he can hardly believe it. He was busy with his duties and his plans. And if one's name never is shouted forth by the millions, he is none the worse for that.

The crown of saintliness was never won by those who bid for it with some great display of their own importance or goodness, or some loud profession of their own service; but it came all unlooked for to some humble soul that was, perhaps, still wrestling with its own short-comings, toiling on while it deplored its weaknesses and sins.

Have you ever fully considered the force of that parable of the Last Judgment, where both the righteous and the wicked are alike astonished at the verdict? Those who receive the blessed inheritance say, with looks of wonder, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison and came unto thee?" And the answer of the King was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Yet those unworthy ones who were assigned a place upon the left claimed a reward. Yes, brazenly claimed it! They were self-sufficient and sure. Were they not sound in the faith? Had they not kept the prescribed sacraments? What had they not done? When had they ever disobeyed the proper authority or failed to do what was commanded, or willingly seen their Lord suffer? But he replied, "Inasmuch as ye did it

not unto the least of these ye did it not unto me."

The praise of men is undoubtedly sweet to our ears; but it is as nothing when weighed against the blessedness of right. And sometimes it humiliates us. The supreme satisfaction must ever lie in the sense of duty done, of which the least act has the commendation of God. Done in the right spirit, as we have been shown, drudgery becomes divine. And if God, through any agency of his, send us to wash in some unfamiliar and despised Jordan of self-denial and discipline, so it heal our soul's leprosy of hardness, conceit, or lack of trust, and help us to come back with somewhat of our childhood's artlessness and innocence, let us accept the remedy.

We may begin the true life when we will—to-day, if you say. We can begin it by ourselves, and where we are. Nothing is more simple. It is to take up the nearest duty. It is to resist the first temptation to evil. We do not need to get ourselves up in costly panoply as if to go forth to war with some giant sin and wrong. We do not need to prepare to perform some great sacrifice; or to screw our courage up to appear with confessions in any public assembly. These methods degrade religion while they weaken and belittle us. But the smallest obligations and responsibilities of our everyday life are to be devoutly respected and met. If we see to these the service of God will be honored, and the love of those who know us will not be withheld. Each duty, however small, in its season and in its order, done in the spirit of a kindly, patient heart,—this determines all things. Painless or instantaneous transformations are not for us; they belong to religious mythology. Nature makes no leap. No ripe grain can be gathered before the harvest time. It is first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; and then a sure place in the garner of God.

The Study Table.

Alphonse Daudet: *Port Tarascon. The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin.* Translated by Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1891.

Those who have read Daudet's delightful burlesques "Tartarin of Tarascon," and "Tartarin of the Alps," will not need to be advised to read these last adventures of that redoubtable braggart, if they have not done so already in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, in which they have recently appeared. Mr. James' preface is a delightful addition to Daudet's extravaganza. He has been a lover of Tartarin from the first and tells us in his "Little Tour in France," how he went to Tarascon, lured by the fame of Tartarin. It is not strange that Tarascon at first resented Daudet's treatment of his Provençal idealization of the real. No doubt every Tarasconian, answering in even one particular to the description of Tartarin, wondered if he had not himself suggested the portrait which confounds the traits of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in an inextricable unity. The writer of this notice had some proof of this disposition. Somewhere below Marseilles as we came from Nice to Avignon, a young man took the train and shared our compartment. While two women on the platform were kissing him on both cheeks, he had already suggested Daudet, and we had wondered if he were one of that author's ardent Provençals going up to Paris to make his fortune and to break his heart. In due time we found we had enough common language for some speech together and when he said that he was to get off at Tarascon we said, "Oh, indeed! We are well acquainted with Tartarin of Tarascon." "But I'm not Tartarin," he expostulated with nervous eagerness, as if we really could confound his leanness with the rotundity of that little Falstaff of the south.

No part of Daudet's "Port Tarascon" is more delightful than the matter-of-fact fabrication of the introductory chapter which recounts his visit to Tarascon with much fear and trembling, aware of the indignation that he had aroused, only to find the town deserted, the Tarasconians having gone off under the lead of Tartarin to some lone isle which they must see or die. The fabulous race had emigrated, and the remainder of the book relates their various adventures, misadventures, and mishaps. Under new conditions Tartarin is the same inglorious seeker for glory whom we have known in Switzerland and Africa, and the identity

of his fellow-townsmen, Bézaquet, Pascalon, Costecalde, and the rest is as well preserved. There are many happy strokes, many amusing situations. Mr. James raises the question whether Daudet saw this end of Tartarin from the beginning. If he did not, its agreement with it is as perfectly organic and harmonious as if he had done so. But that he had, we very greatly doubt.

Hindu Literature, or the Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1891.

The publisher's notice of this book, which says that "it maintains a distinctly Christian attitude, and effectually disposes of the claims of equality with our sacred Scriptures so often urged for the sacred books of India," raises a suspicion of its scholarship which will hardly be allayed by further examination. Not that it does not show a good deal of industry and reading, and bring together much that is interesting to one seeking information about Hindu literature, but it is not likely that those persons (whoever they are) who are setting up for it "claims of equality with our sacred Scriptures," will be influenced by this book; and we feel sure that those who have access to the authorities on this subject will not read far.

Under the general head of "Cosmogony" we are treated to the "absurd theories" of the Hindus, and then the author informs us that "the Mosaic description of creation has been the marvel of science ever since she has been able to comprehend it." "It was written in a primitive age, when the crudest ideas were entertained in regard to nature's laws," and yet, "for three thousand years it has been exposed to attack at every point and has been tested by every discovery of man." "But the record stands to-day unimpeached in the estimation of the grandest minds of earth," and "the ablest scientists."

The chapter on *Krishna*, as if in some way there were a tendency to bring him into comparison with Christ, ends with an eloquent eulogy upon the latter. "For over and above the worship of the Hindu stands the ever-living Son of God. From his stainless cross has been born the hope of the world." "He is the Captain of our Salvation, leading us to victory; He is the 'Morning-star,' shining in brightness beyond the night; He is the 'Sun of Righteousness' flooding with golden light the coming ages." And yet we are told that Sir M. Monier-Williams "carefully revised" the manuscript of this chapter!

A Kentucky Colonel. By Opie P. Read. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. \$1.00.

A succession of extremely entertaining chapters, with bright local coloring. The central character is well conceived and well developed, while on the other hand the hero who speaks in the first person is conventional and wooden. The author shows himself a good observer of human phenomena, but so weak in the development of characters, with the single exception noted, that we conclude the colonel must have been a real acquaintance of the writer. The moral standard of the book is not high; the author seems to have recognized the fact, and to have tried to compensate for it by a delicate tribute as from an outsider to a central doctrine of orthodoxy in his twenty-third chapter.

Is This Your Son, my Lord? A novel. By Helen H. Gardener. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. Paper, 50 cents.

Helen H. Gardener is an agnostic in her thoughts of origin and destiny, but in her thoughts of right and wrong she has a positiveness that ought to shame many whose philosophy may be better. The story before us is an elegant protest against the conventional standards of personal purity that require much of the woman and little of the man. The book is painful reading, but it is uplifting and invigorating. The author's last book, "A Thoughtless Yes," which UNITY reviewed not long ago, is gloomy and almost hopeless, but the present book is relieved by a beautiful picture of a true and pure love, that encourages one to hope for the future of humanity after all.

Nora; or a Doll's House and Ghosts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Henrietta Frances Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing House. 75 cents.

UNITY has already reviewed these dramas in the "Book Trust" edition. The edition now before us has the advantage of a neat and tasteful binding at a low price, and contains an interesting essay by Miss Lord, which is labeled, "Life of Henrik Ibsen," but is, nine-tenths of it, a thoughtful discussion of Ibsen's radical views of family life.

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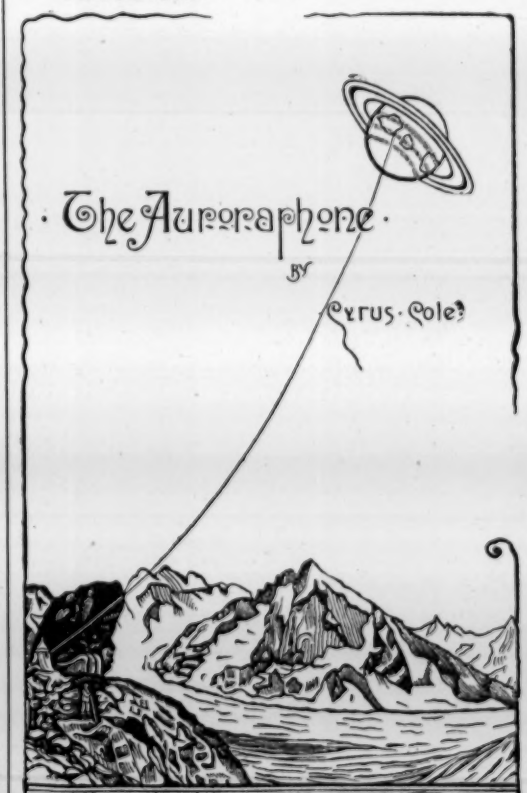
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Notes from the Field.

Women's Alliance.—The following is the complete list of officers of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women: *President*, Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, Boston, Mass.; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Velma C. Williams, New York; Mrs. Frances Eliot, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Harriet K. Fay, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Caroline I. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga. *Directors*, Mrs. Eliza M. F. Bartlett, Waterville, Me.; Miss Mary A. Downing, Concord, N. H.; Mrs. Sarah E. Hooper, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Julia A. Nichols, Boston, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, Milton, Mass.; Mrs. Anne B. Richardson, Lowell, Mass.; Miss Phoebe M. Waldo, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. R. L. Hodgdon, Arlington, Mass.; Miss Laura D. Russell, Plymouth, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. Cleveland, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. B. Ward Dix, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Adeline E. H. Slicer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna W. Longstreth, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary P. W. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth G. Mumford, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Victoria M. Richardson, Princeton, Ill.; Mrs. Caroline M. Hardy, San Francisco, Cal. *Recording Secretary*, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Dorchester, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary*, Mrs. Robert H. Davis, 1777 Seventh avenue, New York City. *Treasurer*, Miss Flora L. Close, 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

The monthly meetings of the Executive Board will take place on the second Friday of each month at 10:30 a. m. Each Branch will be responsible to its Director for all detailed work, and must send to her a report of such work every month. Each Director must send a monthly report to her Vice-President, who will report at the monthly meeting of the National Board on the second Friday in each month. Article VIII. of the Constitution will, for the coming year, be construed to mean "one delegate for every thirty members of said Branch, regardless of the amount of the local membership fees." The number of members for delegates will be counted on January first of each year.

EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Rec. Sec.*

Geneseo, Ill.—Rev. M. J. Miller closed his ministry of twenty-two years at Geneseo, on Sunday, Dec. 28th. On the evening of the 22nd, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed.

WHEREAS, Our Minister, Rev. M. J. Miller, after a pastorate of twenty-two years, has thought best to resign, therefore,

Resolved, That we, his people, regret exceedingly that the relation so long sustained between us must be broken by his absence from his pulpit.

Resolved, That we, hereby express our grateful appreciation of his loving services and long continued faithfulness and zeal.

Resolved, That we earnestly hope that the good seed he has so untiringly sown may continue to grow and bear fruit for the welfare of our community.

Resolved, That we also acknowledge a great obligation to our pastor's wife, Mrs. Miller, without whose wisdom, energy and kindness our society would long ago have become discouraged.

Resolved, That we feel that they have done a noble work in organizing our church and Sunday-school and maintaining them through all the changes that time brings, and so identifying themselves with their people that their home has seemed the home of all.

Resolved, That we trust these friends will continue with us, to counsel and encourage us as long as their lives shall be spared. And we hope and pray that the rest they have so bravely earned may be sweetened by pleasant memories of our work together in the past, and the peaceful joy that comes from long years of usefulness.

MRS. F. H. MCARTHUR,
EMMA CHAPIN,
ELLA SAWYER,
Committee.

Boston.—Here a protest is already made against the prospective opening of the Columbian World's Fair on Sunday. Yet many voices are heard favoring the precedents of London and Paris in admitting people at a low price on that day to a rare World's Exhibition.

—Father Ignatius, the costumed monk, who received a warm reception here while he provoked some sharp criticism, has by a little change of method in New York, namely, omitting to ask for the use of Episcopal churches, enjoyed the unalloyed enthusiasm of his many followers there. He preaches in all the many halls and church buildings which are opened to him.

—On Monday the Ministers' Meeting discussed "The Modern Conception of Religion."

—Rev. Edward Hale, colleague of Dr. E. E. Hale, will accept the call to Orange, N. J.

—At the monthly meeting of the A. U. A. \$5,500 were appropriated to churches in the middle states, \$3,750 for missionaries in the same territory, and \$500 to the church in Buda Pesth, Hungary.

—Ice cutting and sleighing are rife in the suburbs.

St. Joseph, Mo.—The St. Joseph Daily Herald, of December 22d and 29th, reports in full the sermons of Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine delivered in the Unitarian Church, on "The Kreuzer Sonata, or Disinterested Love," and Gen. Booth's book "In Darkest England." Mr. Grumbine's work at St. Joseph is attracting large audiences. In discussing Gen. Booth's book, he says, "The church has a far more important duty to perform than that of merely existing, and it will never emblazon the record which its founder

gave it by his self-sacrificing life and his noble death upon the cross until it takes its wealth of brain, heart and money and becomes indeed the modern Savior of the world. The Salvation Army will continue to do a noble work if it is the means of saving one's life from despair, poverty, degradation and misery."

At the same time he objects to the General's scheme, (1) as placing too much money-power in the hands of one man or organization, (2) on the ground of its theological environment, and (3) because of the superficial and unradical character of the remedy.

Geneva, Ill.—Our liberal friends in Geneva are trying to find out what they can do for themselves. Since the first of November they have been conducting lay services, and are fortunate enough to have in so small a society enough men and women to conduct such services alternately and without calling on the same person twice. They are improving the opportunity to find out how inspiring it is to a preacher to have a good audience, and how far a word of appreciative sympathy goes in keeping up a preacher's enthusiasm for his cause and how helpful a word of honest criticism is to an earnest aspirant for the best. They are patiently biding the time when exactly the right man or woman shall come to stir them to better work than they have done yet. They have helped to keep up the reign of peace and good will in the Christmas time by inviting the pupils of the kindergarten to enjoy a Christmas-tree with them, and with the help of an orthodox Congregational minister and two Methodist ladies, making more of a success than ever before of their annual entertainment at the County Poor House.

Baltimore, Md.—The Baltimore Sun of December 22, reported in part the sermon of Rev. C. R. Weld, of the Unitarian Church of that city, on "What Before Christmas?" The text was "The Bright and Morning Star." From the concluding paragraphs of the sermon we take the following: "The key to the world's problems is the heart of man. It is the persistent practice of kindness, consideration and generosity. It is the helping hand habitually extended. The new year comes bathed in the glory of the morning-star. We have seen it in the east, but the day will abide only so long as tenderness, generosity and consideration are the foundation principles of a sober, controlled and well-regulated life. Get out of your ruts. Forget buying and selling for a moment. Look into the faces which throng the streets. Realize that it is a birthday which will be celebrated from pole to pole all over these vast continents; the birthday of one who has made a new era by the simple fact of unselfishness."

The Women's Conference.—The regular meeting of the Chicago branch of the W. U. C. was held at All Souls Church, December 18. Mrs. West, the president, in the chair. Mrs. Ware spoke feelingly of the death of one of our members, Mrs. Cutler. Two or three poems, written during the last year of her illness, were read. The secretary was requested to write a letter to the family extending sympathy of the members of the association. Miss Hilton gave a very enthusiastic account of her P. O. M. work, reading extracts from many correspondents, which inspired her sisters with the true missionary spirit. A paper was read by Mrs. Plummer on "Anne Hutchinson." The informal way in which it was delivered made the exercises much the nature of conversation. Mrs. Rich gave an original sonnet on the subject. An animated discussion followed. Adjourned to meet February 26.

St. Louis.—The Unitarian Club of this city has printed the following programme, 1890-91. 1. October, "The Layman's Duty," Rev. J. C. Learned; 2. November, "Theology By Starlight," Rev. N. M. Mann; 3. December, "Scientific Charity," Rev. J. H. Crooker; 4. January, "Church Responsibilities of Women," Mrs. Charles H. Stone; 5. February, "What We Owe to the Church," J. E. McKeighan, Esq.; 6. March, "Channing," Edward C. Eliot, Esq.; 7. April, "Our Daughters," Mrs. E. C. Sterling; 8. May, "Church Fellowship," Prof. J. B. Johnston. The regular meetings of the Club are held on the third Tuesday of the month.

Quincy, Ill.—Turn to our editorial page and read the account given by J. V. B. of the Semi-Centennial Services of the Unitarian Church at Quincy, December 28-29. It was an occasion of rare interest and will long live in the memory of those whose good fortune it was to be present. The church enters upon the second half century of its existence with fine courage and enthusiasm under the ministry of Rev. C. F. Bradley. Mr. Bradley's Christmas sermon has been put into pamphlet form. It is a noble plea for social helpfulness, for that altruism which Jesus taught and lived.

Alton, Ill.—We find the following in a recent Alton paper: "The proposed covenant of the Unitarian church was adopted yesterday afternoon. In two weeks the members will vote to ratify it as provided in the by-laws. Owing to the name of the society being changed it will be necessary to convey

the church property from the trustees of the first one to those of the new one."

Toledo, Ohio.—We receive a copy of "Report of Committee on New Church." The Committee propose the raising of the necessary funds first and the building of the church afterwards. Even the purchase of a lot or the choice of a site is postponed until the fund for building and lot is raised or assured. The members of the society are invited to contribute to this fund and to vote by ballot for choice of location.

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Tues.—The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.

Wed.—A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

Thurs.—O give him joy that's awkward at a lie!

Fri.—Reason is upright stature in the soul.

Sat.—O, be a man,—and strive to be a god.

—Young.

A Song of the Moments.

Little by little the lifetime is granted,
Little by little the "now" is supplanted,
Not for a whole year the merry bells chime;
God gives to each, for his certain possession,
Only the moments in rapid progression,—
Only the moments, and one at a time.

Brief is their stay, but their work is undying.
All the great issues of life underlying,
Shaping its destinies, endless and vast;
Ever, by patient, unwearying stages,
Silently building the years and the ages,
Adding their strength to the might of the past.

—Mary R. Jarvis, in *Scattered Seed*.

The Two Kings in the Twelfth Cake.

There are many Orphan Asylums in Boston, but one is the Old Orphan Asylum,—not the asylum for old orphans, but the old, old shelter which now for years and years has been taking in and caring for the wee motherless ones of the big city. And here is one little scene out of the Christmas Holidays as they keep the happy time in this old Asylum. Edward Hale tells the story in the *New England Magazine*:

"Then they sing their last hymn, and say the Lord's Prayer together, and the big girls lead out the little ones, and they all take their seats at their tables. They all fold their hands together and ask a blessing; but before they drink a drop of milk or eat a bit of bread, the two great Twelfth Night cakes which Mrs. Dooling has baked for them will be cut. Miss Merrill will cut one and Miss Cumings will cut the other, both of them remembering that they came in here when they were five years old themselves, and wondered which of the little orphans would have the ring. For you must know that in these cakes are deeply hidden two golden rings. It is now nearly forty years that Bigelow & Kennard have sent up to us two rings at every Twelfth Night to be buried in these cakes; and so there are nearly eighty women, of all ages between ten years and fifty, who have been made perfectly happy in those years when the ring happened to come to them. We shall cut the cake in enormous junks, and these junks will be carried around on plates, and set before the expectant little witches, and of a sudden there will come up a whisper, rising to a loud cry, from one of the tables, to announce that "Mary Jones" has the ring, or "Pauline Fletcher" has the ring, or "Fanny Andersen" has the ring, or "Jane McCrea" has the ring, according as the ring has fallen to one or another nationality. And we shall still cut and distribute our masses of cake till there are none left, and another voice will announce that "Phoebe Zanetti" has the ring, or "Polly Pratt" has the ring; and it will be known of all that the two rings for the year have been secured. And now in nearly forty years I have never seen a tear of regret, nor have I heard a word of jealousy among the unsuccessful seventy who had no ring. But as I go and come up and down the world, I meet once and again some matronly woman who introduces herself to me and explains to me that she was the particular Annie Ander-

sen or Julia Jones, who on some particular year received the ring when Twelfth Night came around. How much happiness there is in the world! How easy it is to make people happy! And how well it is that of this happiness a great deal should be woven in through the memories of the Christmas holidays."

It is dangerous to lounge even in the courts of Heaven; it is dangerous to dawdle about anything; it is, above all, dangerous to attend worship and not to join in the worship yourself. Realize the trinity of duty—honestly, faithfully, earnestly do your work. Be in earnest about something, I care not what, and you are safe. Be in earnest when you pray the prayer of our Lord, and you will find some little act to do by which you can help forward the fulfillment of the second petition, "Thy kingdom come." Realize that it lies with you, either by your inertia and immobility, to paralyze others and bar and hamper their way to the spiritual kingdom, or by your earnestness to make this world a fitting forecourt to that 'sanctuary not made with hands,' where our life is hid with Christ in God.—Rev. Charles Weld.

RECEIVED \$1.00 for annual membership in the Western U. S. S. Society, for the year ending May, 1891, from the following: Miss L. M. Dunning, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, The Holland Liberal Religious Society S. S., Thos. P. Byrnes, Miss Emma Kelley, Mrs. H. D. Maxson.

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(B) The early sacrifices in all religions. What the underlying meaning? The demand for human sacrifices. Placating angry gods. The terror of early worship.

Review what we had in our ninth lesson about Cain and Abel. Tell the story of Abraham and Isaac. Would it be wrong to slay one's child as a sacrifice? If so, is it possible that God gave Abraham such a command just to try his willingness to obey? Does God ever order us to do what is wrong in order to test our fidelity? There can never be any conflict between the voice of God and our conscience, for our conscience is the voice of God. Recall the story about Theodore Parker which we had in our twelfth lesson.

But there is a great truth in the old myth. To the ancient Hebrew, whatever Yahweh, his god, commanded was right. Obedience was the one supreme duty. Translate the moral of the myth into the language of our thought and what do you get? Whenever duty calls we should promptly obey at whatever cost, even the sacrifice of what is to us most dear.

Our story has another meaning. What did we learn in our ninth lesson about the origin of human sacrifices? They are doubtless a survival from the ideals of cannibalism. Men liked human flesh themselves and so attributed the same taste to their gods. Afterwards, when the gods were no longer thought of as actually eating the sacrifices, it was still believed that as human life was more precious than the life of the lower animals, it would be more acceptable as an offering. Most precious and therefore most acceptable of all would be one's son and heir. The ancestors of the Hebrews, like other ancient races, offered human sacrifices. Compare the story of Jephthah and his daughter. (Judges, ch. xi.) As their religion grew milder, lower animals were substituted. And the story of Abraham's ordeal probably grew out of this transition from the old usage to the new, from Isaac to the ram.

As usual the later Jewish traditions have enlarged and embellished our Bible story. (See Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets.") Satan reports that Abraham no longer worships God as when he was childless and advises that he be asked to offer up his son. He promises to do so, but does not have the heart to tell Sarah the truth and pretends that he is going to take Isaac to be instructed by Shem and Eber in the law of God. Ishmael and Eliezer go with them. The former suspects the purpose of the journey and is elated with the thought

that after his brother's death he will inherit all his father's possessions. Satan meets them in the form of an old man and urges Abraham not to slay his son, insisting that it was the voice not of God but of the Tempter who had commanded it. The father remains immovable. Satan changes to the form of a blooming youth and talks with Isaac, telling him what his father intends to do to him. But Isaac also is faithful and says that he will obey. Satan miraculously causes a broad stream to block up their path, but Abraham prays to God and the water vanishes away. Finally he and Isaac separate from the rest of the company and proceed on their way alone. The son is bound and laid upon the wood, Abraham lifts his knife to strike and Isaac swoons away. The angels of God who stand about his throne are filled with grief, and their tears falling on the upturned face of Isaac make him ever afterwards sad of countenance. God sends Michael to stay the father's hand. But Abraham refuses to desist unless ordered by God himself. The heaven opens and God confirms Michael's message. Isaac revives and the cords which bound him are cut. Abraham is unwilling to depart without having made some offering and is directed to see a ram caught in the thicket. Satan, still opposing the patriarch, frightens the animal away but it is finally found and sacrificed, and to commemorate the event the Last Trumpets that shall sound, the one to call the just and the other the unjust, are made of the horns of this wondrous ram.

The gods were at first thought of as passionate beings, whose ill will it was necessary to avert. Thus the early worship was inspired by terror. We are learning that the purposes of the Eternal towards us are kindly, that "God is love," and so we worship him not in fear but in reverent trust.

Read Tennyson's poem, "The Victim," as an illustration of the beauty of self-sacrifice.

For the Younger Pupils.—Tell the stories of Cain and Abel, and Abraham and Isaac in the enlarged as well as the Biblical form. Enforce, with simple illustrations from child life, the thought that we should give up anything, however dear, at the command of duty. Teach that there is no God who wants us to be unhappy, though he wants us to prefer the happiness of others to our own.

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For Preparation.—See "Bible for Learners," Book i. ch. iv. and xviii. and Book ii. ch. xix.; Spencer's "Sociology," Part I., ch. xix.

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